

97 *James Coffe House June the 10. 1748*

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56

THE THIRTEENTH  
SATYRE  
OF  
JUVENAL, &c.

THE THIRTEENTH



OF

JUNEAU, ALASKA

THE THIRTEENTH  
SATYRE

OF

JUVENAL

IMITATED.

*Juvenalis (Decimus Junius) [Imitations and Parodies]*



L O N D O N :

Printed for, and Sold by *Charles Bathurst*, at the *Cross-Keys*,  
over-against *St. Dunstan's Church, Fleetstreet.*

MDCCXLV.

THE THIRTEENTH

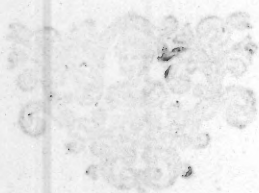
S A T V R E



OF

J U N E W A L

I M I T A T E D



L O W D O N

Printed for, and sold by Charles Baskin, at the Crown and  
over against St. Dunstons Church, Fleet Street.

MDCCLXXV



Why dost thou weep? Thy friend deny'd the Truth:

Look round the World, and see how few are just.

THE

Small was the Sun, nor shall the faintest Debe

Proclaim your Ruin in a full Gazette.

## THIRTEENTH SATYRE

Then wipe those sorrows from thy wrinkled Face.

OF

Since holy Faith is now but rarely found,

Be thy loud Plaints proportion'd to the Wound.

SHAMM' FOR SHAMM' thy unmanly Tears

Canst thou the slightest Stroke refuse to bear?

What the Villain thought of to his End.

And wrong'd the Kindness of his gentle Friend;

Can that false Cheat thy sober Mind amaze,



Is there on Earth a Torment can exceed

The keen Reflection on an evil Deed?

Remorse tenacious never quits her Hold,

And strikes the Robber on his heapy Gold.

The self-convicted ne'er can cleanse the Stain;

Concurring Senates vote him white in vain.

Him waving Tyrant of A

Him Justice marks with an eternal Brand,  
 Tho' Greatness join him to her wealthy Band.

Why dost thou weep? Thy Friend deny'd the Trust :  
 Look round the World, and see how few are just. 10  
 Small was the Sum, nor shall the stinted Debt  
 Proclaim your Ruin in a full Gazzette.  
 I own you're wrong'd, yet 'tis a common Case;  
 Then wipe those Sorrows from thy wrinkled Face.  
 Since holy Faith is now but rarely found, 15  
 Be thy loud Complaints proportion'd to the Wound.  
 For Shame, for Shame, dry each unmanly Tear;  
 Can'st thou the slightest Stroke refuse to bear?  
 What tho' the Villain wrought thee to his End, 1  
 And wrong'd the Kindness of his gentle Friend; 20  
 Can that stale Cheat thy sober Mind amaze,  
 Thou who can'st count from *Charles's* early Days?  
 But O! thou long, thou tedious Guest of Time?  
 Will thy clogg'd Soul ne'er soar a Height sublime?  
 Ne'er gain Experience from a Length of Age, 25  
 Nor course fair Peace thro' Wisdom's sacred Page?  
 Strong from her Rules, defy all Fortune's Pow'r,  
 That wav'ring Tyrant of a fleeting Hour.

Be



Be those most happy, whom the Rules of Sense,  
 Or Years have taught to brave her Influence;  
 These cull each Sweet which Life's gay Wild bestows,  
 Reject the Bramble, and enjoy the Rose.

Shine out bright Sun, and thou behold'st a Slave;  
 Withdraw thy Beams, thou frown'st upon a Knave.  
 The Scene of Guilt extends thro' all the Year,  
 In high and low, in Peasant and in Peer;  
 Winds round the Heartstrings with tenacious Hold,  
 While Virtue sinks beneath oppressive Gold.

Hard were the Task to count the vicious Crew,  
 The good how easy! for the Number's few,  
 Scarce as mild Bounty from the Miser's Hoard,  
 Or Worth rewarded at the great Man's Board.  
 We bask in Vice, and turn from heav'nly Grace;  
 An avaritious, vile, abandon'd Race:  
 Yet boldly clamour, when we hear of Wrong;  
 Not P—— himself e'er roar'd so loud or long.

Then say, old Infant, art thou yet to know  
 What Joys, what Raptures plunder'd Heaps bestow?

The

The lawless Hand purloins a Neighbour's Wealth,  
 And smiles reproachful, when you term it Stealth. 50  
 Would'st thou have Man be faithful to his Friend,  
 To Virtue listen, and to Oaths attend?  
 Vain are his Vows, tho' utter'd at the Shrine;  
 He laughs at plighted Trust, and Wrath divine.  
 There was, 'tis true, a happier State on Earth, 55  
 E'er Merit stoop'd to Pow'r, or Sense to Birth:  
 On his mean Throne th' unpolish'd Monarch stood,  
 Supreme in Honours, as supremely good;  
 The Wish impure ne'er scorch'd the Virgin's Heart,  
 Nor Beauty borrow'd half her Bloom from Art. 60  
 No faithless Wife reveal'd her impious Flame,  
 Or crown'd the Bumper to her Lover's Name;  
 No loose Adult'rer shew'd his hateful Head,  
 Or press'd with guilty Weight a Neighbour's Bed;  
 The costly Banquet was beneath their Care, 65  
 Short were their Meals, and homely was their Fare.

But now, my Muse, behold the sad Reverse:  
 Lo! Satyre drops a Tear on Virtue's Hearse.  
 View the foul Spot which Greatness cannot hide;  
 See varnish'd Flatt'ry lick the Feet of Pride: 70

New Schemes invented, and new Plans devis'd,  
 And while Tobacco scapes them, Wit's excis'd.  
 Why liv'd I not, e'er Vice her Flag display'd,  
 And wrap'd a Nation in her gloomy Shade;  
 E'er fly Informers catch'd unguarded Words, 75  
 Or Freedom sicken'd at the Pow'r of Lords;  
 E'er honest Plainness, forc'd, disguis'd her Style,  
 Or silent fat, or sooth'd the Base and Vile.  
 E'er beardless Youth durst juggle stooping Age;  
 Deaf to the Counsels of the hoary Sage; 80  
 Of Wealth or Title insolently vain,  
 The stubborn Purpose of their Souls retain.  
 Admonish'd, listen to the warning Muse,  
 Nor due Respect to silver Hairs refuse:  
 Let grey Experience hold the sober Rein, 85  
 So Age shall guide thee, nor shall guide in vain.

Now if the Friend the sacred Pledge return,  
 What Praise, what Transport in the Bosom burn!  
 His matchless Faith eternal Trust may claim,  
 And distant Nations catch the growing Name. 90  
 For him <sup>shall</sup> ~~should~~ *Pope* th'immortal Verse prolong,  
 And *King* record him in his deathless Song;

Scarce more surpriz'd should *Orrery* commence  
 A Tool of Pow'r, or *Chesterfield* want Sense.  
 Should *B*— turn Spendthrift, and with Hand profuse 95  
 Bestow on Churches what are *Satan's* Dues.

Still dost thou murmur, still at Fate repine,  
 As if no Loss had ever equal'd thine?  
 Look round a While with an observing Eye,  
 Then dry the Tear, and curb the lab'ring Sigh. 100  
 A fav'rite Maid the precious Pledge unlocks,  
 And steals the Di'monds, tho' she leaves the Box;  
 This melts in Sorrow, for his ravish'd Plate;  
 This by forg'd Deeds has lost his whole Estate.  
 Nor Thoughts of Heav'n can turn the Villain's Mind, 105  
 He only seeks to hide it from Mankind.  
 Think not his Looks the Theft shall e'er betray,  
 His Oaths shall prove him clearer than the Day;  
 " Pure is my Heart, by ev'ry glitt'ring Light,  
 " That beaming gilds the Horrour of the Night; 110  
 " By that dread Judge, whose Word bade Oceans roll,  
 " Cloath'd Earth with green, and light the flaming Pole;  
 " So may my Son my Age's Joy become,  
 " Or sink unpitied to the gaping Tomb."

There

There are, to Chance who ev'ry Action give,  
 Despise eternal Majesty, yet live:  
 (That fickle Goddess on her air-built Throne,  
 (Pernicious System!) rules the World alone,  
 To her the Seasons owe their varying Pow'rs,  
 Autumn her Fruits, and Spring awakes her Flow'rs.)  
 Hence wildly wicked dare all Rites divine;  
 Nor shake with Awe before the hallow'd Shrine.

Some fear the Wrath of an avenging Hand;  
 Confess their Crimes, and wait the dreadful Brand;  
 Content to lose a Limb, would that suffice;  
 For what's a Limb compar'd to such a Prize?

Hear yon soft Rival of the warbling Spring,  
 Half Man, half Woman, vile ambiguous Thing,  
 Squeak out an Oath, and bless th' indulgent Knife  
 That stripp'd his Manhood to supply his Life.

Thus speaks the World. "Tho' Glory round me beam,  
 "'Tis all a Fantome, or a fleeting Dream:  
 "Will Fame preserve me from the Winter's Cold?  
 "Away each trifling Virtue; give me Gold.

"Th'

" Th' eternal Pow'r (tho' dreadful is the Blow) 135

" Like a kind Father, in Revenge is slow :

" A thousand Objects ripe for Vengeance rise,

" Then very late my Crime shall reach the Skies.

" Sincere Repentance may fresh Arms provide,

" And soft-eyed Mercy lay the Bolt aside. 140

" Nor each Offender suffers for his Sins,

" Tho' one Knave loses, yet another wins."

The guilty thus their doubting Minds assuage;

Tax'd with their Crimes, they mock your fruitless Rage;

Nor your's alone, but Heaven's high Pow'r deride, 145

And vow they're Spotless at the Altar's Side.

That Confidence the simple World deceives,

And the wild Crowd the varnish'd Tale believes.

Pleas'd 'mongst themselves the subtle Scene survey,

Conscious, yet bold as *Falstaff* in the Play. 150

You storm and clamour with a hideous Tone,

(Which Fishwives hear, and thence improve their own)

Accuse in impious Complaints your hapless Lot ;

That partial Heav'n has all Revenge forgot.

While the base Wretch hears distant Thunder roll ; 155

And pointless Light'ning darts from Pole to Pole.

But

But now some sober, moral Maxims hear;  
 O ! let me pour them in a faithful Ear.  
 Tho' rude, unskill'd to strike the golden Lyre,  
 My Bosom glow not with the sacred Fire ; 160  
 Yet weigh your Grief in Reason's equal Scale ;  
 A while be calm, and let sound Truth prevail.  
 In great Distempers seek the best Advice ;  
 When the Complaint is slight, small Helps suffice.  
 Your Country Doctor claims a slender Fee, 165  
 Yet cures your Ailings ; then confide in me.

If, when the Evils of Mankind you trace,  
 You find your own a hard peculiar Case ;  
 Then with loud Shrieks transpierce the yielding Air,  
 Beat your old Breast, and rend your Silver Hair ; 170  
 Far, far from blaming your Excess of Woe,  
 Reason herself shall warrant ev'ry Blow.  
 Shut thy bar'd Gate, enjoy thy utmost Moan,  
 Count ev'ry Moment by a Sigh or Groan ;  
 Greater the Loss, than of an only Son : 175  
 Thy Gold, thy darling Gold's for ever gone !  
 But if you find, that half Mankind in vain  
 Of broken Trust and slighted Faith complain ;

If here the Forger shews his crafty Skill,  
 And this corrupts, and that secretes a Will : 180  
 Say, while such Vices tread their noxious Round,  
 Would'st thou alone escape without a Wound ?

To state this Matter in a clearer Light,  
 Lo! Giant Crimes come stalking to our Sight :  
 On these look forward with unbias'd Eyes, 185  
 Then flight thy puny Losses, and be wise.  
 The base Assassins lift the murd'ring Knife,  
 And robs a Husband of his much lov'd Wife.  
 Not free from Theft the sacred Altars stand ;  
 The shining Metal tempts the impious Hand ; 190  
 The precious Vases they with Joy receive,  
 The Gifts of Kings, when Kings were known to give.

Rapes, Murders, Robb'ries happen ev'ry Hour :  
 Laws crush the Poor ; the Rich elude their Pow'r :  
 The Courts are crouded, and the Pleaders hoarse ; 195  
 Yet Vice prevails, for who can stop her Course ?  
 To chase the Gloom from thy afflicted Mind,  
 Look deep into the Breast, and read Mankind ;  
 Chuse where you will ; one single House will do ;  
 Examine closely with attentive View : 200

Then

Then grateful own kind Heav'n's impartial Care,  
And call yourself unhappy, if you dare.

Who seeks to pluck gay *Ceres* golden Grain  
On *Derby*'s wild un hospitable Plain?  
For there did \* *Plutus* first on Earth appear; 205  
His baleful Presence curst the fruitful Year.  
The harden'd Native knows th' ungen'rous Soil,  
Nor rends Earth's Bosom with a fruitless Toil.  
When freezing *Boreas* spreads his chilly Wings,  
Locks ev'ry Stream, and binds the Chrystal Springs, 210  
The heavy *Dutchman*, with his pond'rous Load,  
Directs his Flight along the slipp'ry Road;  
With steel-arm'd Shoe the nipping Air he braves,  
And whirls impetuous o'er the harden'd Waves:  
Yet there no Crowds with Admiration gaze, 215  
The usual Sight prevents all loud Amaze;  
No Signs of Wonder from Spectators sent,  
To see a Nation change their Element.

Methinks you answer, " Shall the Thief succeed,  
" Nor Justice Hand o'ertake the guilty Deed? 220  
" Let tort'ring Wheels their fiercest Rage supply:  
" Revenge, revenge! — the guilty Slave shall dye."

\* See the *Templum Libertatis*, Book II.

Thus

Thus void of Reason, boist'rous Passions rule :

Now hear a wiser Precept, and be cool.

What Joy, what Pleasure can from Blood ensue? 225

Suppose you see the headless Coarse in View;

With greedy Eye survey the Cold remains;

And Vengeance now her hop'd-for Point obtains.

Weak are the Minds, where Anger points her Sting;

These flame to Fury at the slightest Thing; 230

Causeless they rage, like blust'ring Tempests wild :

The Mountain Lion match'd with these is mild.

Say, can'st thou hope a just Excuse to find,

When from such Patterns thou would'st form thy Mind?

O! turn with Horror from these Sons of Rage: 235

Let Wisdom's Balm the throbbing Pangs assuage.

She warms the Bosom with unerring Light;

Smooths the rough Way, and points to what is right;

Calms ruffling Passions to a State of Ease;

Wipes off each Stain, and purges by Degrees; 240

From blinding Films relieves the op'ning Eyes;

And makes us Virtuous, as she makes us Wise.

In the weak Bosom, or corrupted Heart,

Revenge strikes deeply with her poison'd Dart:

And

And, not with Proofs to throng the lengthen'd Page, 245  
 What's half so furious as a Woman's Rage?  
 Yet if the Passion in thy Bosom flame,  
 Which Time can ne'er efface, or Pity tame :  
 Think, that the Wretch a lingring Torment feels,  
 Beyond the Torture of a hundred Wheels. 250  
 The secret Pangs are fierce above Controul,  
 Turn wild the Brain, and darken all the Soul.  
 Who bears a speaking Witness in his Breast,  
 Perplex'd by Conscience, never more shall rest.

When angry Justice lifts her Iron Hand, 255  
 And marks the Villain with the shameful Brand,  
 In some Degree the Laws his Actions purge ;  
 And Satyre sleeps, nor shakes the dreadful Scourge.  
 But when a Monster of superior Size,  
 Deep sunk in Vice, *Ahræa's* Sword defies ; 260  
 Him shall the Muse with fellest Scorpion's Sting ;  
 Nor spare the Wicked, tho' she wound a King.  
 The sacred Judge and Punisher of Ill  
 Alike regards the Action and the Will.

Now hear the Horrors of the guilty Race : 265  
 Hear them, and turn to Virtue's bright Embrace.

(Thrice blest the Bard, whose Numbers so improve,  
 They win the spotted Soul to heav'nly Love)  
 Affrighting Thoughts their blackest Forms assume,  
 And damp fair Peace with Hell's tremend'ous Gloom: 270  
 The festive Board exempts him not from Pain;  
 And the press'd Grape affords her Juice in vain:  
 The flow'ry Meadow, breathing ev'ry sweet,  
 Nor mossy Caverns yield a soft Retreat:  
 Afflicting Passions ev'ry Hour alarm;  
 Nor Spring's gay Tribute gives one single Charm. 275

In vain you close your long-awaking Eyes;  
 Sleep, gentle Pow'r, his quiet Balm denies.  
 From horrid Slumbers pale and wan you start,  
 Cold Sweat thy Limbs, and Horror shakes thy Heart: 280  
 Thy much-wrong'd Friend, of more than mortal Size,  
 Exclaims for Vengeance to the lift'ning Skies:  
 Faith, violated Maid, beside him stands,  
 Assists his Anger, and directs his Hands.  
 In vain the Vision fills thy Breast with Fear, 285  
 Since Dread, not Virtue, wrings th' unwilling Tear.  
 Hark! what loud Peals break ratt'ling in the Air;  
 'Tis Heav'n's own Thunder; now thou Wretch despair:

Thro'

Through the dark Clouds the forky Meteors play,  
And gleamy Horrors flash a sudden Day; 290  
Th' avenging Bolt shall quickly seal thy Fate,  
And as the Crime, the Punishment be great.

Thus Conscience speaks; nor dares from Nature's Laws  
The guilty Mind expound the well-known Cause.  
Escap'd the Storm, they nourish still the Dread, 295  
And fear new Dangers bursting o'er their Head.

Burn the scorch'd Entrails with a Fever's Fire?  
They think, th' offended Pow'rs their Fall conspire;  
Nor hope that Heav'n a Pardon will allow,  
Or melt to pity at a Villain's Vow. 300

Vice, like the Sea, at first unfix'd resides,  
And ebbs and flows as wanton Fancy guides.  
The Crime committed, steady they remain,  
Add Guilt to Guilt, and still encrease the Stain.  
Tho' dead to Virtue, they behold her Charms; 305  
Yet court a Harlot to their circling Arms:  
Nor seek to struggle from her twining Hold,  
But settle there, and still become more bold:

Deep

Deep and more deep ingulph in Error's Stream,  
Till Fear awakes them from the fatal Dream. 310

The conscious Blushes ne'er with Crimson streak  
The settl'd Features of a guilty Cheek :

The modest Symptom flies the beardless Chin,  
Who Virtue scorns, and heaps up Sin <sup>on</sup> Sin. 315

Where are those strange, those half-form'd Villains found,  
Who limit Crimes and wicked Actions bound ?

Or grant they mean it ; the full Torrent's Course  
Bursts ~~over~~ its Barriers with resistless Force. 320

Yet mark the Vengeance of eternal Fate :  
(My fearful Numbers never mean the Great) 325

The Theft disclos'd, and ev'ry Action prov'd,  
The subtle Thief's to warmer Climes remov'd ;

Till Time or Labour has his Freedom won,  
Toils to subsist, and blackens in the Sun : 330

Or, if the Judge pronounce the dread Decree,  
Loads with its proper Fruit the fertile Tree. 335

Then shall you own, in Heav'n who puts his Trust,  
Is ne'er deceiv'd ; for Heav'n is always Just. 340



F I N I S.

# ERRATA.

Line 4, for on, r. o'er. Line 12, for Gazette, r. Gazette. Line 91, for should, r. shall. Line 206, for cur'sh, r. cur'sh. Line 232, for there, r. there. Line 261, for Scorpion's, r. Scorpions. Line 314, for to, r. on. Line 318, for ev'r, r. ev'r.